

## THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

APPROPRIATE SUNDAY ARTICLES.

The Church Army; How it Differs from the Salvation Army—Signs of Grace—Indulgence in Dress—Religious Notes.

BY HARRY L. HENDERSON.

The King's Daughters is the name of a well-known and popular religious organization of American women.

When you see a lady called, "My dear," you may be sure that she is a member of the King's Daughters.

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## OUR LITERARY BUDGET.

FAVORITE BOOKS OF AUTHORS.

Robust Genius Fit to Grapple With Whole Libraries—Literature a Glittering Lie.

In the Opinion of Carlyle.

It is almost as much the fashion for modern authors to discuss about their favorite books as for actresses to indorse complexion lotions, or for writers upon domestic economy to add the weight of their approving word to some absolutely pure baking powder. Yet the publication of the interest first mentioned is warranted by the articles taken in them by the reading world. Though it would not be safe to formulate such a saying as "By their books shall ye know them," we feel that in a general something of the work which have been the instruments of pleasure or improvement to a large number of the people, a knowledge of their early history, and the knowledge of the man in which the creative gift is vigorously developed, are the reverse of "bookish." Such was the case with Dickens, who was a man of action and loved contact with humanity. In early boyhood he traveled all over the country, and he was told that he was "no great reader in the days of his authorship." He kept his poems always about him, and preferred that book to either Milton or Shakespeare. Any literary heresy might have been expected from him who considered Shakespeare "overrated," so it is not wonderful to read that Byron—whom Leigh Hunt tried to convert to a better way of thinking—declared he "could see nothing in Spenser." Perhaps as Hunt suggested, the reason for his lack of appreciation was that Spenser was "too much out of the world, and Byron too much in it."

Dr. Johnson was a "robust genius fit to grapple with whole libraries." When he entered a room containing a bookcase he gravitated naturally toward that piece of furniture, and was not satisfied until he had investigated its contents. Douglas Jerrold was one of those readers who not only read books, but treat them tenderly, whereas De Quincey's carelessness in that respect was proverbial. It is nothing surprising to learn that Coleridge's mind, in childhood, nourished itself upon imaginative literature, or that Charles Lamb had little relish for works upon political economy or the exact sciences. Coleridge's taste, however, was not for Shakespeare and Milton, but did not therefore despise Pope and Gay; he read the works of his contemporaries, and was deeply versed in old English literature. Among his favorite works were the novels of Smollett and Fielding, Bunyan's "Holy War," Fuller's "Worthies," and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." With so much that was dark and depressing in his life, and the constant shadow that must have hung over him, one cannot marvel that Lamb sought constantly to "lose himself in other men's minds." As he said himself, "When I am not walking I am reading. I cannot sit and think; books think for me." Lamb was a book-lover as well as a book-reader. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who adopted his "tells something of his literary habits: 'A Leigh Hunt would come scratching to my feet through the branches of the apple tree, or a Bernard Burton would be rolled down stairs after me from the library door. Marcelina Colonna I remember finding on my window sill, dappled with the night dew, and the Pleiad of the Midsummer Fairies I picked out of the strawberry bed.'"

In an anecdote of Macaulay's childhood there is evidence that De Quincey's famous tale must have taken a strong hold upon his infantile imagination. Meeting Miss Hannah More at the door upon one occasion, he told her that his parents were absent, and asked if he would not take "a glass of old spirits." The scandalized lady asked him what he knew about old spirits; but he could give no better answer than that "Robinson Crusoe often took some." With this promising beginning it is not strange that he became a phenomenal reader. One of his contemporaries said that he read faster than other people could skim them, and skinned them as fast as other people could turn the leaves, "seeming to read through the skin"—a valuable accomplishment in view of his brevity and the multiplication of books. By virtue of his rapid memory, which worked like some powerful and direct machine, he was able to quote from any department of literature—whether from the Greek and Latin Fathers or the latest number of Punch. Mrs. Browning was another omnivorous reader. Living, for the most part, the retired life of an invalid, with little to distract her from inward pursuits, she absorbed knowledge through the fields of literature. Not satisfied with the Hebrew Bible, from Genesis to Malachi, the Greek poets, and Plato, she says, herself, "I passed as thoroughly through the flood of possible and impossible British and foreign novelists, with slices of metaphysics laid thick between the serious and the ridiculous." Southey was not a "bookish" man; he had a habit of reading his own "terrible epics" to any one who would listen. Shelley once found himself so victimized; but he slipped noiselessly away, and when Southey raised his eyes he found himself entertaining only a faint recollection of the subject.

The General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church met at Memphis, Tenn., May 15th, and adjourned May 27th. The important topic before the Assembly was the question of the eligibility of women for the ruling eldership. The majority report of the committee on the judiciary was against their eligibility; but the minority report was adopted by a vote of 104 to 50. The committee on education contended for the maintenance of denominational institutions as absolutely necessary. The report on foreign missions was encouraging, and urged a forward advance to Korea and Africa. It was resolved that the union with the other Presbyterian churches in Japan be continued. Special reference was also made to the need of urging the cause of missions upon the Sunday schools.

The Church Army is an organization in the Church of England on much the same general plan of organization as the Salvation Army, and it has been claimed that General Booth obtained from it many ideas for his own scheme. Its annual report, as presented at its recent annual meeting in London, shows a force of 179 evangelists, 1,000 collectors, and 12,000 nurses, partly for rescue work, and more than 75,000 had been locally received and expended in working people's need. In many parishes the work has been carried on without evangelists. This was made from the general receipts, which, during the year, had amounted to \$88,255. The social scheme, including Labor Houses, Samaritan office, salesroom, etc., for London and the provinces, had cost \$24,900. The whole expense of the staff at headquarters, amounting to \$3,820, had been met by the profits of the weekly Church Army Gazette, whose circulation had reached 60,000 during the year.

When Baby was Sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

515 to Chicago and Return Via C. & O.  
For the Democratic National Convention at Chicago, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway will sell tickets from Richmond, Va., to Chicago, Ill., and return at rate of \$15. These tickets will be on sale June 10th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th, good for return passage until July 25th, 1892.  
Tickets for this occasion will be on sale at all coupon ticket offices, the rate of \$15 applying from all such stations excepting Gordonsville, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, and West thereof, the rate from those points being \$14.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for a bad liver

Paris, which contains upward of 2,000,000 printed books and 160,000 manuscripts. Between the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg and the British Museum there is not much difference. In the British Museum there are about 1,500,000 volumes. The Royal Library at Munich has now something over 900,000, but this includes many pamphlets; the Royal Library at Berlin contains 800,000 volumes, the Library at Copenhagen 510,000, the Library at Dresden 300,000, the University Library at Gottingen, Germany, 600,000. The Royal Library at Vienna has 400,000 volumes, and the University Library in the same city 550,000 volumes. At Buda-Pesth, the University Library has 300,000 books, the corresponding library at Cracow nearly the same number and at Prague 200,000.

I cut this paragraph from a New York daily and sent it for verification to the Librarian of Amherst College. In returning it he writes as follows: "These figures are nearly the same as those given in the article 'Library' in the *Times*, and are accessible to me. But they are accessible to me in ten years old. I suppose the Bibliothéque Nationale must now contain very near 3,000,000 volumes, and the British Museum near 2,000,000,—W. L. E. in the Critic.

Mr. Lang Goes a-Fishing.  
All the achievements of a relative might have fallen to the lot of any ordinary man, while the style in which he describes his varied luck at the river-side is in commendable contrast to the language used by most sporting writers. Many of the phrases which he here employs are characteristic of him. Happiness in fishing, he says, "the legacy of the barbarian." Fishing brings annual delights, for "gray hairs come and stiff limbs and shortened sight, but the spring is green and hope is fresh." All the changes in the world and in ourselves. Once more "the grass of Paradise grew thick and white around me, with its mosses and daisies, old song and ballad surrounds me, Lang as he goes a-fishing. Like Scott, he knows how to find a legend to every deserted house, while all the renowned castles of the Borders surrender to him their ancestral secrets. Should Fortune smile, Mr. Lang's account of loch and stream and fly is sure to be interesting; should she be fickle, with her uneasy narrative of guests or second-sight,—The Athenaeum.

What is Taste?  
But what is taste? Who can define it? It is to us an indescribable something—an endowment that cannot be imparted by any art, but may be highly developed by proper culture. We believe that not more than one man in a hundred among educated men has any right to an opinion as to classical music. They are not gifted and educated so as to make a rational deliverance on that line. How many men really have a fine perception of the noblest poetry? And yet an opinion is just what almost any man stands ready to give off-hand upon any subject that may be presented to him—politics, law, letters, science, art, etc., politics, what not? There are opinions and opinions. When Sidney Lanier discusses a poetic principle or Lowell the most marvelously gifted writer we know is to be found in the perception of the admirable in literature, with an intuition and judgment that are a constant surprise and admiration, reveals that quality in a writer or that peculiar merit in a production that we had not before seen, we do doubt and content, knowing that a master is our teacher.—Wilmington Messenger.

Night-Cap Books.  
Thackeray says in the "Roundabout Papers": "Montaigne and Howell's Letters are my bedside books. If I wake at night I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk to themselves forever and tell their own stories over and over again. I read them in the dozy hours and only half remember them. Then, after a page or two he adds: 'I should like to write a night-cap book—a book that you can yawn over, that you can smile over, that you can yawn over. I have a hearty belief in Mr. Thackeray that I think he would have been more or less pleased to know that he had written a 'night-cap' book, that the 'Roundabout Papers' with their whimsical gentleness, their rambling fancy, have more than once vanquished the devil of insomnia in a sick room.'

This is no small triumph, for his insomnia has been a most exacting genius; and nerves worn by illness need a peculiar correlative of soothing thought with musical diction, for a satisfactory lullaby. Nothing can serve so well as books, be they but the right books. Those who have tested the varied and complicated possibilities of insomnia learn to value these far above the kindergarten expedients of saying the alphabet backward, counting sheep jumping over a stile, and so on.

Not long ago, I played nurse to a friend who was suffering from nervous prostration, and who started in, like the most professional of nurses, with my own little theory that a very stupid article read in a more or less clerical monotone would answer the purpose, and my poor friend would succumb to the double infection. I chose a book of historical research, loaded with dates, heavy with information packed and pressed until the human interest was fairly squeezed out of it. It worked very badly, the patient not being sufficiently lulled to lose a sense of nervousness. I then read a few lines of poetry, and the difficulty lay, we hit upon a modern serial, sparkling as champagne, vivid and clear, and the result was a frenzy of wakefulness. Gradually it dawned upon us that a number of requirements must be complied with in order that a book should be genuinely a night-cap book, and that the sum of merit in a book is the order of merit. The article read must be reflective in character, with the quieting influence of flat landscapes and wide horizons. The language must flow, not in a series of tempestuous falls as a mountain brook, but full and limpid as a river; there must be a certain continuity of thought, and the thought must not be feverish or argumentative or low, or sorrowful, or gay. It is not an easy thing to be a night-cap author.

Our seaside library, which became a sure resource, contains a varied series, but all answer, in a greater or less degree, to the stern demands made upon them. Copies of the London Spectator, Phillips Brooks' sermons, the friendly talks of Dr. Hodge, Emerson's lofty essays; and I have just now covertly enriched the shelf by adding "True and I," thinking that its fragrant breath of spring life and its unadorned English should make it a slumber song for the wearied heart and most unloving brain.—Scribner's Magazine for June.

Literary Notes.  
The new book which bears the striking title of "A Queen of Curds and Cream" will be published shortly in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

Kossuth has sent the manuscript of the fourth volume of his Memoirs to his publisher in Pesth. He feels quite well again, it is said, and is busily continuing his work.

"The Deaconess at Work" is the title of a new National monthly, published at Washington, D. C., to be devoted to the interests of deaconesses and evangelistic work.

It is announced that Emperor William has subscribed 5,000 marks toward the publication by the Berlin Geographical Society of a book on the discovery of America.

"The Nautilus," the novel by Rudyard Kipling and Nalokot Balestier, now running in the Century magazine, will be issued in book form by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. immediately after its completion in the July number.

The published price of the first edition of Gray's "Elgy" was \$16.00. Recently a copy was sold at Sotheby's for 30s. and 9d., was paid for a first edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield," while a copy of the first edition of "The Complete Angler" fetched 210s.

Mme. Darmesteter, better known to readers as A. Mary F. Robinson, will write a book on "Froissart" for the French Great Writers Series. Her recent volume called "Marguerite de la Plume" has been crowned by the French Academy, which awarded her a prize of 500fr.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish early in June "The Claims of Decorative Art," by Walter Crane; "Favorite Fables and their Histories," by Mary E. Ellis Marbury; "A History of Presidential Elections," by Edward S. Sanford; and "Phases of Thought and Criticism," by Brother Azarias.

An interesting fact, and one perhaps not generally known, is that the General Alejandro Ybarra, who is in command of one of the Venezuelan armies, and who is known among his countrymen as "The Schoolmaster," is

the author of a very popular "Method for Learning Spanish," published by J. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

"American Ideas for English Readers," by James Russell Lowell, is announced by J. C. Copley & Co. of Boston. The volume is described as "an entirely new collection of his speeches, addresses, etc., delivered while abroad, embellished with a portrait taken from the bust by Partridge, and opening with an introduction by Henry Stone."

"Black Beauty" has been dramatized. The American Humane Society having offered a prize of \$1,000 for the best play founded upon Miss Anna Sewall's popular autobiography of a horse, nine aspiring playwrights have submitted manuscripts to a committee composed of E. H. Clement of the Evening Transcript; Charles E. L. Wingate, of the Journal, and W. Ryan, of the Saturday Evening Gazette.

Harper & Bros. announce the following works as ready for immediate publication: "The Puritan in Holland, England and America," a novel, by Miss M. E. Braddon; "Vestry of the Bins," a novel, by S. P. McLean Greene; "How Women Ride," by C. de Harcourt, and "Diary of a Pilgrim," the Fearful Voyage he took into the Unknown Ocean, A. D. 1492," by John Russell Coryell.

A dispatch from Boston recently ran as follows: It has been discovered that on the extreme left of the facade front of the new Public Library building are chiseled in tablets the following names: Moses, Cleopatra, Kallidasa, Isocrates, Milton, Mozart, Euclid, Aschylus, Dante, Wien, Harlequin, Irving, Titian, Erasmus. These names form an astroic, the first letters spelling the name of the firm of architects which has furnished the plan for the building. A representative of the architects (McKim, Mead and White) says he can assign no reason for it except that it was "a prank of some of the boys in the office." Three of these names, Dante, Milton, and Titian, appear on the other tablets and in their proper places. This duplication is another proof that the astroic was intentional.

Walt Whitman, in curious consistency with his poetic philosophy, insisted that every man and woman possessed a floral prototype. His pretty custom was to select and lay before each friend's picture that flower or leaf that seemed to him most nearly symbolical of the original personality. On the upper ledge of his desk a group of pictured feminine faces often watched him at his work, and before each he placed some flower or bit of greenery. A rose, perhaps, was for the woman whose nature bore some resemblance, in his mind, to that very blossom; before another, a oak leaf suggested the strength of a male friend's character. So long as the flowers and leaves lasted he honored these tiny shrines, thus offering to the uncalendared saints a tribute too delicate and sincere to be regarded as flattery or affectation.

Part of the Funds Embezzled from the Rothschilds Recovered.

A Berlin correspondent of the New York Sun cables: It is reported that the Frankfurt police have found part of the money embezzled by Cassier Jaeger from the Rothschilds. At noon on the 2d they became acquainted with Jaeger's cousin, Geroloff, who has been irregular at business since Jaeger's flight, and apparently was preparing to leave the city. They forced an entrance to Geroloff's house, but found nothing. Geroloff's grandnephew, who was present during the search, was greatly agitated by the presence of the police and twice tried to leave the house for home. Theronup Police Commissioner Meyer ordered the detective to proceed to her home in the Friedrichstrasse. There the officers found between bed-clothes many thousand-mark notes, and smaller sums mutilated. In the cellar three small stacks of thousand-mark notes were discovered. Mother and daughter were arrested, and the house was placed under the supervision of a policeman, who next day continued the search. From the daughter's music portfolio they got 31,000 mark notes, and smaller sums of money were found tucked away in unprobable places. The total sum recovered in the house amounts to about 100,000 marks. All of Jaeger's relatives are now carefully watched, and will not be allowed to leave the city, as the police suspect the money of money still unaccounted for in their possession. It is now believed that Jaeger stole for the benefit of his whole family, and intended, when the storm should have blown over, to meet them in America and pass the rest of his life with them in luxury.

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If a man is drowsy in the day time after a good night's sleep, there's indigestion and stomach disorder.  
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By removing the waste matter which is clogging the system, will cure all Bilious and Nervous Disorders, will give color, strength and health.  
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Unlike the Dutch Process  
No Alkalies  
Other Chemicals  
are used in the preparation of  
W. Baker & Co.'s  
Breakfast Cocoa,  
which is absolutely pure and soluble.  
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot, Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, digestible, and EARLY SOLD BY Grocers everywhere.  
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128 Doses  
ALLEN'S  
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GUARANTEED.

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SARSA-PARILLA  
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GUARANTEED.



Patrolman Julius Zedler

Of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Police Force, gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. His wife takes it for dizziness and indigestion and it works charmingly. "The children also take it with great benefit. It is without doubt a most excellent thing for That Tired Feeling. I cheerfully recommend it."

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HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, and sick headache.



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